

A day or two later Hagar and Fay met at the gate of the curé's widow, and climbing through the grey town came out upon the heath above. It was a high, clear afternoon, with a marvellous blue sky. They walked until they came to a circle of stones, raised there in the immemorial, dark past. When they had wandered among them for a while, they rested, leaning against the greatest menhir, looking out over the grey-green, far-stretching heath to a line of sapphire sea. "It grows like a dream," said Hagar. "Death, life — life, death. . . . I think we are growing into something that transcends both . . . as we have known both."

"Hagar, do you love me?"

"Yes, I love you. . . . It's a quiet love, but it's deep."

They sat down in the warm grass by the huge stone, and now they talked and now they were silent and content. Little by little they laid their plans.

"Let us go to London. I will go to Roger Michael's. We will marry quietly there."

"Lily and Robert will want to come from Scotland."

"Well, we'll let them." Hagar laughed, a musical, sweet laugh. "Thomson is in London with Mr. Greer. Dear old Thomson! I think he'll have to come."

"Could n't we have," said Fay, "a month in some old, green, still, English country place?"

"With roses to the eaves and a sunken lane to wander in and at night a cricket chirping on the hearth. . . . We'll try."

"And in October sail for home."

"And in October sail for home."

She looked at him with eyes that smiled and yet were